

ZACK COBB PUTS THE O. K. ON RING TICKET

Faithful Gather in the Courthouse While Zack Talks and Park Pitman Tries to Head Him Off, and Discuss Getting Out Poll Taxes—Office-seekers and Tentative Office-seekers Are Present—A Real Circus.

The "ring" ticket is all right. Zack Cobb has placed the official O. K. on the "organization" ticket—Zack called it "organization ticket," rather than "ring ticket." Therefore the personnel is beyond doubt the best, etc., etc. The county has had. As the ticket is exactly the same (with the single exception of Joe Escalada, who has been substituted for Ike Alderete), against which I have fought long and laboriously, his flop to the "ring side seat" is a bit surprising to those not intimately acquainted with Zack politically.

The official branding of the organization ticket was done with meanness and dispatch at a meeting of the faithful (29, including officeholders, would-be officeholders (Cobb, some declare, classifies here), hangers-on, city employees, county employees and Jim Conklin. The meeting was held in the dingy county court room Tuesday evening. Numerous conferences, sessions and confabs were held between mayor C. E. Kelly, the first master, Judge A. S. J. Elyar, his political second; Park Pitman, Joe Escalada and the other leaders, near leaders and wheel horses. The excuse for the meeting was to hear the reports of the precinct chairman regarding the payment of poll taxes.

"Judge" Zack Cobb. Zack Cobb appeared on the scene soon after 8. By no one's especial consent he mounted the platform from which Judge Elyar dispenses justice and proceeded to preside in his most judicial manner. He was in the exact attitude of the druggist trying his new dope on the dog, for Zack's presence in the councils of the ring is for the one and express purpose of getting a county judgeship sooner or later—probably later—if the dope of the wise ones is correct.

Zack's official endorsement of the organization ticket came after Senator Claude B. Hudspeth had made an impassioned appeal to the boys to get the Democratic poll taxes paid; the Republicans being in the minority and not voting at the primary, no time was lost with them.

Zack Has "a Word." "If you will permit me a word," Zack said impassionately, after he had been talking all evening, repeating the reports of the precinct chairman, going over the motions as made by P. Pitman and others, and generally monopolizing the conversation. The thought of permitting Zack Cobb "a word" even made Judge Elyar smile. The Humane society would rise up and protest against such an inhuman act as to limit Nap to a single word or even a bale of words.

"If you will permit the chair (he being the chair) a word, I will suggest that you get out the great population north of the tracks to pay their poll taxes. The organization ticket will get a majority of the votes and it does not matter how many poll taxes are paid, the organization will win the vote."

"The Good People" Applauded. "The people in there (gesture toward Zack's own abode) realize that the organization has always put up good men," said Cobb's former speeches against the ring candidates). The good people are going to record themselves in favor of the organization. (Loud applause led by J. D. Ponder in the rear of the room.) "I never played poker, but if I was going to start to play it I would not pick up the other fellow's discard to beat him." This referred to the report that Ike Alderete is to be taken over at an opposition ticket.

The meeting started off with Cobb rattling around in the chair usually filled by Judge Elyar in hearing juvenile cases, thereby adding a touch of appropriateness in the presence of the "good people," who had requested and returned to the fold of Kelly's crowd.

The Roll Calling. Pat Murphy, always to be depended upon to hold the poll books, and secretary whenever J. D. Ponder is absent and secretarial is permitted him, called the roll of the precincts with much effect. Joe Escalada reported for "destrick" number one, two, three, four and five. By the way, Joe was the only native son present, native sons being mostly lined up with the opposition candidacy of the Alderetes at the present time. Frank Alderete was on the outer steps with his amigos, but he was not permitted to enter the sacred portals of the county court.

Cobb officially O. K.'d the reports as they were read, as he O. K.'d the ticket in his brilliant aerial flight later. Joe Ponder, mayor of East El Paso, and his brother, according to Escalada, was reported as doing some good work out there in the mesquite country.

Dynamite Suggested. Bill Bulger, Santa Fe railroad representative, suggested planting a stick of dynamite under the voters in the first precinct. Chairboy Cobb said there was no law against dynamiting voters into paying poll taxes—a rather gross remark.

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JAMES J. CORBETT, Who will contribute weekly to The El Paso Herald's Sporting Column.



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THE HELMET

By Jean Herel.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

"B" "I love my cousin, uncle!" "Nonsense!" "Please give us your consent." "Don't bother me with your silly love affairs." "But, uncle—"

My uncle turned around, purple in the face, and roared. "Do you understand me now?" "Never," he roared. "Do you understand me now?" "A nice husband you would be. You have not got a son to call your own and you talk of giving me your consent. It is of no use."

As long as anybody could remember, this shop in Rue des Clapettes had been owned by a Corbuckert. It was everybody said my uncle must be worth several hundred thousand francs. Respected by all, members of the board of aldermen, small, fat and not head, but a good fellow at heart, with such was Uncle Corbuckert, my only living male relative, who had taken me into his house as soon as I had finished school, and had made me his only assistant in the shop.

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and an alderman, he was first of all the father of my beloved Rose.

Shortly after this conversation, my uncle stood up and said: "Why I nearly forgot the parcel I am to call for at the postoffice. Rose, give me my hat and cane," he called through the open door.

"And you," he went on, turning to me, "don't forget what I have told you. If you think you can ever trick me into giving my consent, then just try. But I don't think you will have much success. And not a word to Rose, or I won't have you in my house any more."

Rose came in with her father's hat and cane. He gave me a last look of warning and left.

"What is the matter with father," Rose asked. "He looked as if he were angry."

I started at her enraptured and then told her everything. I just could not help it. She did not say anything, just lowered her eyes and blushed.

"Are you angry with me, Rose?" I asked.

She held out her hand, and I was happy. Just then he heard heavy steps outside. We flew away from one another. I went on polishing the sword and Rose began dusting.

Uncle entered. He looked as if he were surprised to find us both together and looked at us searchingly.

"Look here," he said, at last, and handed me the parcel he was carrying. "I have got a bargain."

To tell the truth I was not the least interested in his parcel but I opened

it anyway and found a steel helmet, one of the most magnificent specimens I have ever seen, inlaid with gold and with a very peculiar visor.

The visor was open and I tried to find out why it would not close.

"It won't close," said my uncle, "the hinges are out of order, but it is the best bargain I have ever found for a long time, and it will look beautiful when polished up. That will be your job tomorrow."

That night I did not sleep much. I was trying to invent a trick to force my uncle to give his consent to my marriage with Rose, but not a single idea would suggest itself to me.

The next day I scrubbed and polished the helmet until it shone like a sun. Rose had gone away to visit a friend in the country and was not expected back until evening.

"Now the helmet is bright enough," said my uncle at last. "You may put it on and see how it looks."

I did so and my uncle picked it up and looked at it over carefully.

"A splendid piece of workmanship," he said. "But it must have been terribly heavy to wear." And he put it on and fastened the ring around the neck when suddenly there was a clicking sound and the visor fell down.

There he stood now with his head inside the iron cage, cursing and swearing.

He looked too comical and I could not help bursting out laughing. "The hinges, the hinges, you stupid!" I cried, not seeing his face, but I felt that he was blood-red in the face.

"Why don't you stop laughing, you fool?" he cried, but his voice sounded so greatly funny that I laughed worse than ever.

At this moment the bells in the town hall started ringing.

"The meeting! There is a meeting of the board of aldermen which I must attend. You must help me out of this box."

A wild idea shot through my head. "No," I said. "My uncle nearly dropped as he heard my unexpected answer."

"No," I repeated. "I will not help

you until you promise to let me marry Rose."

From the depths of the helmet came not an answer, but a roar like that of a wild animal.

"If you don't promise, I will not only let you stay inside your cage, but I will call in all the neighbors, and if that does not hold, I will send for the whole board of aldermen."

"You will end your days on the scaffold," my uncle cried.

"Will you let me marry Rose?" I cried. "You said yourself that I would have to force you to. Shall I call in the neighbors?"

The bells were still ringing. My uncle raised his arms, wrung his hands and cursed worse than ever.

"You'd better make up your mind," I cried. "I bear somebody coming."

"Well, yes, then, since it must be," he growled, "but hurry up."

"Your word of honor, you rascal!" I opened the visor by pressing a spring on the left side of the helmet, unbuckled the ring around his neck and raised the helmet.

My uncle's head appeared, his eyes were bloodshot, and the veins stood out in his forehead.

It was not a moment too early, for one of the aldermen, a friend of my uncle's entered.

"Are you coming along," he asked.

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"We are only just in time."

The supper was served. I sat down in my usual place next to my uncle. I did not fall in love with each other, and did not say a word. Rose looked at me, but I evaded her eyes.

"Here I am, uncle. Can you forgive me?"

"Come over here, Rose! Do you know what that fellow asked me yesterday?"

"He asked me to let him marry you. Did you love him?"

Rose blushed, but did not answer. "Well, I see how matters stand with you. Come over here, Rose."

"Here I am, uncle. Can you forgive me?"

"He burst out laughing."

"Then take her, you monkey, since you love her. And now I may as well tell you that I have always hoped you would fall in love with each other."

He whispered, "but you must promise me not to tell anybody about the helmet."

"I never did until now, and if you happen to pass by Rue des Clapettes I will show you the helmet. I have never sold it."

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